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SONNETS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

Sonnets

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY MERCY HANSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

AND

CAKE, CAMBRIDGE.

1800.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS ----------

[illegible] to your Ladyship's unbounded generosity, by the [illegible] to which, I have [illegible] to [illegible] these volumes; for to [illegible] to your Ladyship's name [illegible] of criticism, or [illegible] those great characters, [illegible] I should not otherwise have [illegible] permission to address [illegible] Ladyship.

Had any of the above motives induced the request, I might have felt disappointed, by your wishing to conceal a name, whose possessor is rendered yet more illustrious by her virtues, than her high rank. And were these Poems possessed of any merit, which might give honour to their Patroness, in the publick estimation, I should have been induced to plead more strongly, to affix, to them, a name I must ever revere, and love. As it is, I submit to your Ladyship's wish; you have condescended to accept the work, in the way in which it was sincerely offered, as the simple tribute of unchanging gratitude, and my heart is satisfied; though at the same time, I will own, it would have been, the pride, and pleasure of that heart, had I been allowed to mention the name of one to whom I must ever be in the highest degree indebted: and

to express to the World, how much I am, and ever shall remain, with affectionate gratitude,

Your Ladyship's

faithfully devoted,

and most obedient,

MARTHA HANSON.

Bellevue House,
March 15, 1800.

PREFACE.

to its notice, not *obtruded*, on it, I do not conceive to be the case. And for the motive by which they were dictated, I may safely affirm, that, with the exception of one instance, they were not prompted by any, beyond the amusement of the hour, in which they were written.

I will not say they were never intended to meet the eye of an enlightened but perhaps sensorious Publick; it is the usual cant of writers, who are willing to bespeak the compassion of their readers, ere they make trial of their patience: but simply stating, that some of the Poems were written at the age of thirteen, and most of them, in the course of the five succeeding years, I will leave it to be determined, by that Publick, before whom I now for the first time appear, if it is probable, the productions of such an early age were intended to be shewn to the World: observing only, that I believe few,

literary, works of considerable length, are written, or even begun, with the intention of allowing them to remain in the obscurity of their Author's closet: and it is yet less probable, that any person should sit down with a determination to write a volume of Poems of so trivial a nature as those of which this work is composed. They have been produced at different, and distant periods; often, when the pressure of lingering illness, the amusement of solitary hours, and sleepless nights; and if the whole is received, by those friends (in compliance with whose wish they now appear collected) with but a small part of the approbation they have already been kind enough to bestow, on much of the Poems [illegible] the first will be most willingly forgotten.

[illegible] Public, literally [illegible] Bri-

tain, jealous of the exactitude with which her laws literary, as well as civil, are administered, recognises not her Writers, as worthy of regard, till long consigned to the silent tomb; when the voice of partiality, which might recommend to favour, is hushed; and Time returns his verdict of honour, for those, whose merit resists his noiseless, but conquering arm. It is then, that the

"storied urn, or animated bust,"

tells, to the Sons and Daughters of succeeding ages, where sleep the ashes of Genius; but while memory recalls an Otway starving, a Collins dying in the most melancholy state of mental suffering, and a Chatterton reduced to the dreadful alternative of perishing from want, or shortening his existence, by an act of which the desperation freezes the blood with horrour; if I reflect, at the same time, on the brightness of genius, which characterizes their works, while I cannot but lament,

that the too strict [illegible] of their merits, with-[illegible] which might [illegible] to [illegible] small portion of [illegible] their [illegible] to obtain [illegible] of [illegible]; even did these volumes possess far more merit than they have [illegible] consciousness that they have [illegible] intrinsick value which might stand [illegible] the rapid stream of Time, (which, in [illegible] course, bears with it such Books as have [illegible] the fashion of the day in which [illegible] (which [illegible] to preserve them) forbids to [illegible] survive, to obtain, for their [illegible] the consideration of succeeding times.

[illegible] Friends then, to whose kind support it [illegible] that these volumes are presented to the

World, I again turn; if the Poems now offered, shall be fortunate enough to afford to them any amusement in their leisure hours, or to withdraw the mind, for one moment, from the contemplation of those evils which in some way, it is the lot of all to endure; and shall obtain their approbation, I shall rest perfectly satisfied with the meed of fame allotted to me. Their praise will be more than the voice of publick favour, since, bestowed by known and esteemed characters, it is that which alone reaches the heart.

To all those, who have on this occasion, honoured me with their names, I beg to offer my sincerely grateful acknowledgements; particularly, to the truly great, and noble personage, to whom these volumes are inscribed; whose name, in compliance with her wishes, I feel myself obliged to conceal;

though in so doing, I cannot but regret not being able, more fully, to express my sense of the obligations she has conferred on me; and my admiration of her exalted character.

Bellevue House,
March 13, 1809.

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SOUTH DOWNS.

Though smiling Hope dwells, in this breast, no more,
And Sorrow, o'er me, spreads her chilling wing,
And coldly blights each op'ning bloom of Spring;
Still shall Remembrance your lov'd scenes restore.

Restore them, glowing with the hues of morn;
Such as when erst, by Fancy led, I stray'd;
But from this breast, Joy's cheering smiles withdrawn,
Your Nymphs are fled, and all your wild flow'rs fade.

And thou too, Arun! whose dear native stream
So oft I've watch'd, thy beechen woods among;
Sooth'd by the night-bird's plaintive song,
And guided by pale Cynthia's silv'ry beam:

still to this heart, thy winding vale is dear;

Thy scenes recall'd, the smile of Joy returns,

Suppress the sigh, and check the falling tear;—

But Sorrow soon returns, with sombre glooms,

And wraps my mighty mien, and frowns severe,

Bids me seek refuge in the silent tomb.

TO MIRTH.

Mirth! thou Goddess blithe and gay,
Daughter sure of rosy May,
Hither come, and bring with thee,
The smiling Nymph Festivity;
And lead with thee, the blooming Hours,
And the Graces crown'd with flow'rs.
Bring the goblet, and the wine,
Yielded by the luscious vine,
String thy ever tuneful lyre,
Warble lays that never tire,
Rule in ev'ry Shepherd's heart,
And never from these plains depart

Hither come, with all thy train,
Come, and rule this smiling plain
Brave Youth, ever gay, and free,
Bounding Sport, and Hope, and Glee
Bright-tressed Health, of rosy hue,
And young Wit for ever new;
Brighter than the gold sand's gleam
Where old Ganges rolls his stream,
By thy side, bedeck'd sweet Pleasure,
And fond Bacchus bring his treasure,
Be the precious goblet crown'd,
Let the jocund health go round,
And pour'd by Bacchus' sons profuse
Let us quaff the sparkling juice.
With Brow, with vine, and ivy bound,
Your festal hand the nectar round,

And Joy, with eyes for ever bright,
Shall join thy band, with gay Delight.
Ah come! thy genial warmth impart,
And chase pale Sorrow from my heart;
Wake, with thy hand, my slumb'ring lyre,
And bid its sounds my breast inspire.
Ah! now I see, thy train advance,
And lightly trip in mystic dance;
And foremost in thy band, appear
The rose-crown'd Hours, that lead the year.
Grief late had snatch'd me from thy bow'rs,
And crush'd, with iron hand, thy flow'rs,
But pleas'd I now return again,
To join, oh Mirth! thy jocund train;
To bask beneath thy cheerful smiles,
And taste the cup, which Grief beguiles.

Farewell, ye Mirth! hail sportive Glee!
And hail the Nymph Festivity!
Since I rove Life's dreary plain,
Ye smiles of Mirth! shall sooth my pain.
Come! to thee, my vows I'll pay,
When Morn unfolds her roseate ray;
Then come! thy genial warmth impart,
And chase pale Sorrow from my heart;
So cheer'd by thee, shall still be gay,
The transient scene of Life's short day

TO A

KINGFISHER,

Shot as she was returning to her nest.

Sweet Innocent! whom beauty could not save
From Death's untimely dart, I mourn thy fate;
In vain, their food shall now thy nestlings crave;
In vain, their Mother's wish'd return, await.

Ah! had that hand, which gave the direful blow,
Paus'd but a moment;---had reflecting thought
Wak'd in the bosom, sure some tender glow,
The Angel hand of Pity would have taught

And [illegible] view'd unmov'd thy matchless dyes,
Nor [illegible] returning to thy nest;
And [illegible] hear thy offspring's feeble cries,
[illegible] to wound thy little breast.

[illegible] bleeding fall, with joyful eyes
[illegible], sweet Bird, he never shall receive
One [illegible] pleasure from his hapless prize,
[illegible] Feeling Heart can give.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT SUNRISE ON TWELFTH-DAY, ON THE PROSPECT OF MEETING TWO MUCH ESTEEMED FRIENDS.

"*The next morning the Sun arose bright to every eye in the village but that of poor Le Fevre and his afflicted son.*" STERNE.

How bright, arising from the azure main,
Array'd in burnish'd light, the Sun appears
To greet the eyes of ev'ry village swain,
Save those, which Grief has dimm'd by starting tears.

As o'er the dark-blue wave his ray he flings,
A sea of radiance to the shore is roll'd,

[illegible] paints with flame the circling Sea-fowl's
wings,
Tips the crag'd Cliff and Mountain's top with
gold,

[illegible] sad breast, late chill'd with fort'ring woe
A long forgotten warmth returning feels,
And through my heart, once dead to Pleasure's
glow,
Expected Joy's reviving current steals.

[illegible] this shut heart, as Hope in rosy vest,
Her snow-white pinions fring'd with dazzling
flame,
[illegible] and once sparkling on her breast,
[illegible] that ere this Sun shall set again,

I those lov'd friends shall meet, who Childhood's
day
With Pleasure wing'd, which Memory endears.
Whose fond Affection, with unchanging ray
Amused my infant, charms my present years.

But let me not (though Expectation's Star
For me sheds radiance on the wings of Time,
Whose hoary brows now crown'd with flow'rs
appear)
Forget, all hearts are not so gay as mine.

That deep-drawn sigh, which startled Fancy hears,
While off'ring smiling visions to my sight;
That form her mirror shews, all drown'd in tears,
Bespeak some other feelings than delight.

[illegible] to other eyes [illegible]
gleams,
Covering the [illegible] shades of Night's deep
[illegible]
[illegible]
A statue, to [illegible] to the [illegible]

Her only [illegible] wrapt in Death's lasting sleep,
Now [illegible], as the sculptor'd stone appears,
Thou'rt wont with [illegible] sympathy to weep,
No longer sensate, feels no more her tears.

Poor [illegible] Mother! turn not thus away,
[illegible] Moon's pure light thy [illegible]
[illegible] Day-[illegible] [illegible]

But trust in Heav'n!---that glowing Orb of Day,
A brilliant emblem, of her fate, displays.

Yes, as that Orb, in peerless splendor, dight,
More bright appears from Night's preceding gloom,
Her spirit, rob'd in Heav'n's unsullied light,
Shall triumph o'er the darkness of the tomb.

Yet hapless Parent! tho' this Morn appears
Bright to mine eyes---tho' Expectation's ray
Kisses the brilliant star, which Fancy wears,
And Hope, with roses, crowns the rising day;

Deem not, the smiling prospect from me steals,
The sympathy which mourns another's woe,

No, when my heart no more for suff'ring feels,
May it no more, the throb of pleasure know!

Though brighter now, than thine, my fate appears,
It offers but a type of that blest dawn,
When parted friends shall meet in happier spheres,
In the full splendor of Eternal Morn.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO SOME YOUNG FRIENDS GOING TO A BALL.

While Youth and Health, obeying Pleasures voice,
Hasten to mingle in her festive train,
Hopes siren accents bid each breast rejoice;
And Expectation kindles at her strain.

Already o'er each youthful feature, glows,
Warm from the feelings of th' ingenous heart,
With carmine tint, Anticipation's rose;
While from each eye, the beams of Pleasure dart

[illegible] flow'rs profusely round,
[illegible] throng with smiling mien,
[illegible] sprightly songs of Love resound,
[illegible] the festal scene.

[illegible] visionary Pow'rs,
[illegible] Hero's young hands have rear'd with,
[illegible]
[illegible] strew'd them, with Her Choicest
[illegible]
[illegible] by Mistortune's baleful [illegible]

[illegible] the color of your fate;
[illegible] alone, but through each future day,
[illegible] progress on cv'ry hour await,
[illegible] with Accents sweet, Life's devious way

Still may the Fairest Wreath by Fancy twin'd,
In brighter, than its Promis'd Hues, appear;
And ev'ry Rose, Hope on your brows shall bind,
In Thornless Beauty blossom through the year;

Unblasted by Misfortune's howling storm,
Its bloom unsullied by pale Sorrow's tear;
Or haply if Affliction's Wounding Thorn
Should hidden lurk where nought but Flow'rs
appear.

Oh then, a balm for all our sorrows giv'n,
May fond Affection's tender hand be nigh,
(The Delegate of Mercy, thron'd in Heav'n)
Sooth ev'ry pang, and lead ye to the Sky.

STANZAS,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Sure these might check Festivity's gay smile,
Chase the vain vacant sports of Mirth away,
And wake that Inborn Monitor awhile,
Who whispers to the heart, "thou art but clay."

That Form, now cold in Death's embraces laid,
Was youthful, gay, and high in martial pride;
Shone in the Field, the Camp, and gay Parade,
Belov'd, admir'd, by all; yet ah!---He Died.

Alas! how few the days, since Health's fresh bloom
Mantled his cheek, and Youth laugh'd on his brow;
How awful is the change; and ah! how soon
Are Hope's gay smiles exchang'd for deepest woe.

[illegible] soon, though now with Youth and Hope
[illegible]
[illegible], who now lies lifeless here
[illegible] may the shaft of fate,
[illegible] extend me, on the self-same bier.

[illegible] no eyes shall this my natal day
Now [illegible] behold;—but clos'd in peaceful sleep
[illegible] wandering moans that strew'd Life's early way,
[illegible] Death's kind hand, in calm Oblivion steep.

[illegible] never, on my humble
[illegible]
Compassion's eye should drop the tender tear;
Or Pity's gentle sigh the long grass wave,
Or [illegible] Mercy and Despair

Poor Stranger! how thy fate resembles mine.
Far from thy Home thine eyes were doom'd to close;
While in my native land forlorn I pine,
My breast no Home, no Friend, no Country, knows.

But if the meed of Sympathy's warm tear,
Drop'd by a stranger o'er thy lonely tomb;
Or Pity's heartfelt sigh, has ought to cheer
The sable color of thy hapless doom;

Young Soldier rest;---for ne'er returning May
(If May's return, my tear-swoln eyes should view)
Shall to me bring, my sad, sad natal day,
When Pity shall forget to weep for you.

[illegible] Love, to Pleasure's kindling glow,
[illegible] nay anguish'd breast, to Joy, is thine
[illegible] mother's woe,
[illegible] sad'ning too is mine

[illegible] cur'st, and Pity's balm impart,
[illegible] sorrow in thy cup of Life be giv'n,
[illegible] stay thy sinking heart,
[illegible] own a Faithful Friend in

[illegible] a stranger sad will pay
[illegible] Compassion whispers in thy ear,
[illegible] flowers, with profusion gay
[illegible] with wreaths luxuriant

As I each balmy op'ning floret view,
And sorrowing, turn towards thy hallow'd tomb,
Its short liv'd fragrance, and its brilliant hue,
Appear as emblems of thy hapless doom:

Save that its wasted form no sweets can give;
While from the tomb, thy Virtues shall arise
With Freshen'd Fragrance; and for ever live,
Array'd, with Bloom Unfading, in the Skies.

ODE TO POESY.

[illegible] Melancholy!
[illegible] thy gentlest influence dress'd,
Come, warm this heaving breast
[illegible] pure, and spirits holy!
[illegible] of a care fraught mind,
For thou alone, can'st anguish wild controul,
With music soft as Summer's wind,
Come harmonize my soul!
[illegible] Woe array'd,
Bid Grief, with smoother brows, appear,
[illegible] pleasures, as they fade,
May mingle with the heling year,

When Autumn's blasts, both loud and drear,
Whistle around the barren hill;
And Ev'nings breezes, breathing chill,
Blight ev'ry floret of the vale,
And rustle 'mid the woods,
When Cynthia spreads her silver sail,
And trembles in the floods:
Though clouds each moment veil her light,
She still shall rule the Night,
With sceptre calm, and placid mien,
The Empress of the shad'wy scene;
So still thy voice, shall to my soul be dear.

Nature, delighted, owns thee for her child,
While list'ning to thy lay,
Thy strains sublime,

Lay wand'ring ward,

From [illegible] each scene array,

A[illegible] Muse on Fancy's wing to carry,

[illegible] sweet Poesy [illegible] thine.

[illegible] Eve's shadows spread

A[illegible] Mountain's head;

And o'er the west,

[illegible], draws her rosy-tinted vest,

O'[illegible] her modest beaming star,

[illegible] soften'd radiance, from her car;

While flutt'ring Zephyrs round her play,

I [illegible] listen to thy lay,

No [illegible] warm, thy power to adore

[illegible] No [illegible] her dark'ning [illegible]

[illegible] Eve's glowing beauties [illegible],

"And gloom, and silence, all the air pervade;"
I love, sweet Poesy! to hear thy strain
Breath'd o'er some haunted stream, that winding strays,
Down the lone vale, bedew'd with Ev'ning's tears;
Then wak'd to Rapture, by thy charmful lays,
Thy softest breath, attentive Fancy hears.
At the sweet sound, she bids around me rise
Her airy visions, brightest of the throng
The Flatt'rer Hope, on Radiant Pinions, flies,
And chaunts, with Voice Divine, her sweetest song.
I feel her influence my bosom calm,
It cheers the wasted cheek of wan Despair;
Smooths the frowning brow of Care;

And strows Life's devious way with flow'rs,

Crown'd from thy Unfolding Bow'rs.

While gay Delight, with purple wing,

[illegible] spring,

And [illegible] Youth, and Joy advance,

O'er the mead, in festive dance;

Yet [illegible] Fancy lead her train,

Sweet Poesy to thy soft strain,

And [illegible] with the Feeling Heart to warm.

When Night resigns her empire o'er the sky,

And Morn ascends her glowing throne,

And [illegible] way the rocky shadows fly,

The golden zone

That binds her breast

[illegible] clouds, that turn her veil,

Kindle, as Sol his radiance flings,
Gilding the dusky mountain's tow'ring head:
If thy light fingers sweep the strings,
The op'ning rose
With softer fragrance blows,
And Zephyr's wings more balmy essence shed,
And each fair flow'r
That trembles in the gale,
Its silken blossoms moist with dew,
Which parting Ev'ning's fingers threw,
Distils a show'r
Of scents more fragrant, in the lonely vale.

Oh sweet Enchantress! thy celestial pow'r,
My throbbing breast, with ardor wild inspires;
My hurry'd fingers sweep the trembling wires,
And to thy name, an untaught cadence pour;

But blushing with th' uncultur'd Rose,
The Scabious sweet, the Lily of the Vale,
The golden Cowslip, and the Vi'let pale,
I weave, sweet Poesy! as emblems of thy lay,
Which serious, tender, modest, wild, and gay,
Can bid the Passions cease, and Harmonize the
Soul.

STANZAS,

The hands of Admiration have supply'd.
What to thy name, thy Country has deny'd;
And bosoms, warm with Genius' Ray Divine,
To thy lov'd mem'ry consecrate this shrine;
With one accord, this votive tablet raise,
And fondly o'er it twine, Unfading Bays.
The Sculptor's hand, triumphant pow'r of Art
Appears at will, existence to impart.
And Nature starts astonish'd, to perceive
Thy imag'd form, in marble seem to breathe
While Hayley, "Sweetest Poet of his Day"
Pours o'er thy urn, a soft and tuneful lay;
Yes sainted shade! the Bard whose Praise is Fame,
With tender zeal, exalts thy hapless name;
And as his hands, around thy Sacred Shrine
The Sweetest Flow'rs of Poesy intwine.

And strew'd thy early path, with gayest flow'rs,
Cull'd by her hand, from Hope's enchanting
bow'rs:
Such was the Morn; but soon Life's stormy day
Bade these fair blossoms fade, their charms decay,
The half-pluck'd Rose-bud wither'd in thy hand,
"And Desolation sadden'd all the land."
No more the roseate Morn, with gladsome ray,
For thee, led forth, the smiling Summer's day;
For pale Affliction round thy chasten'd head,
The shade of Sorrow's lasting midnight, spread.
Alas! how chang'd the scene---no more her breast
The Rainbow bound, but clad in sable vest,
Pale Fancy bending o'er her darling child,
Her hair dishevell'd, and her accents wild,

'Till Heav'n in mercy, bade the conflict cease,
And call'd thy Spirit to the Realms of Peace,
Pale Mem'ry shudders at the scene of woe,
Thy gentle breast was doom'd, on Earth, to know,
And Admiration in this Sacred Dome,
Still lingers near thy Consecrated Tomb,
While Honor's hands, around thy Hallow'd Shrine,
The trophies of Admiring Taste, intwine;
And while with care, before thy sacred urn,
The weeping Muses, Fragrant Incense burn;
Or, as her Hayley's hand inscribes thy name,
The tears of Pity, dim the eyes of Fame;
Or stealing o'er thy wreath of Verdant Bays,
Gem, with pellucid light, the Deathless Sprays
But o'er thy Tomb, more bright than Genius' rays,
A Radiant Star sheds its Resplendent Blaze:

STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF AN ABBY IN SCOTLAND.

While yet among yon smiling scenes I stray,
Calm Meditation claims one pensive hour,
Methinks, she bids me leave awhile the gay,
Nor scorn instruction, from a falling tow'r.

Fair Maid! inhabitant of lonely aisles,
Where the pale Cypress spreads a mournful shade,
Where Flat'ry's siren voice, no heart beguiles,
And Pleasure's feath'ry footsteps never stray'd;

[illegible], obtrud'st to thy solemn cell,
Nor fear'd the Spectre Forms which haunt the
[illegible]
[illegible] sweet, in gradual, circuit full,
Visit'st these long, deserted walks to rove,

Lo! to the [illegible] turrets, now with ivy bound,
[illegible] mouldering walls, fast crumbling into dust,
[illegible] scatter'd were around,
[illegible] [illegible] crumbled, and prostrate bust

[illegible] window, once with trophies gay,
Now pictur'd Scenes;—when thro' it, casement
[illegible]
[illegible] of Sol's parting ray,
[illegible] that decks the Rainbow, gleam'd

Now round its massy frames, the ivy binds
Her darksome wreaths, and waving in the blast,
In deep responses, to the moaning winds,
Sighing, deplores thy days of grandeur past.

The sacred Altar, now in ruins, lies
A shapeless heap; and round the ruin'd pile,
With sombre wing, the bird of midnight flies;
While fancy'd Spectres trip the dreary aisle.

These scenes a lesson to the mind impart,
How frail the glories of Man's fleeting day,
While Reason whispers, to the awe-struck heart,
Like these fall'n turrets, thou must soon decay.

[illegible] within these holy walls may rest
[illegible] Ashes of some Chief, in war renown'd,
[illegible] having Fortune died, in richest vest,
[illegible] laid his Brow with Laurel
[illegible]ed.

[illegible] no vestiges remain
[illegible] or his Image hath,
[illegible] grav'd his Trophy'd Name
[illegible] actions thro' the sky.

[illegible] Pomp of Pow'r,"
[illegible] to Death's unerring doom;
[illegible] Meteors of an hour,
[illegible] in a Splendid Tomb.

The gilded insects of a Summer's day,
They meet, O warlike Chief! a fate like
thine;
Awhile they bask in Fortune's fervid ray,
Then fade, before the fateful stroke of Time

Once in this dome, whose grandeur in decay
Inspires the musing Moralist with dread,
The Vestal's voice attun'd the choral lay,
And golden censors Sacred Incense shed

But now, no more, the Organ's solemn sound,
Or Vesper Hymn, steals on the listening ear,
Silence, and Melancholy reign around;
And Meditation, loves to linger near;

Are deeply musing on the hallowed Lane,

Or wind, not Fairies, treads the moss-grown

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Yet [illegible], with grass-weed,

[illegible], o'er works of [illegible]

[illegible] scholard,

So Mortal pens, shall [illegible]

[illegible] we [illegible]

[illegible]

Or [illegible],

[illegible] our Rose's [illegible]

[illegible]

So Time; regardless of the Sculptor's pow'r,
Or Painter's pencil, with remorseless hand,
Levels at once, the Cot, and frowning Tow'r,
And with their fragments, strews the neighb'ring land.

So Death; unmov'd by Beauty's op'ning bloom,
Fixes his arrows in the youthful heart,
Or bids some hoary sage receive his doom,
From the dire wound of his resistless dart.

From the low Hind, who tills fair Nature's field,
To the proud Tyrant on his Throne of State,
All Ranks, all Ages, to his mandate yield,
Whose arm, unerring, wings the shafts of Fate,

She still shall bloom, plant of Immortal Birth.
'Till the Last Trumpet bids the dead arise,
And Those who cherish'd the fair flow'r on
Earth,
Haste to rejoin her, in her Native Skies.

STANZAS.

Or who, when Jeptha's hapless Daughter dies,
But feels the poniard as it wounds her breast:
Or borne on Fancy's pinions through the skies,
But guards her Spirit to Eternal Rest.

'Tis thine, to bid the deep ton'd cadence roll,
In sounds most grand, majestic, solemn, slow,
With pleasing awe, to strike th' attentive soul,
And teach, e'en Sorrow, to forget her woe.

In wrapt attention to thy melting strains,
Pale Melancholy quits the Abby's aisle,
Where gloomy Silence, ever brooding, reigns
Among the cloisters of the ruin'd pile,

Or with Albina lingers on the shore,
To watch her Oscar's slow returning sail,
While her soft accents, mid the tempests roar,
Sooth the wild terrors which the Maid assail.

And ruddy Health shall stand, enraptur'd near;
And Sport forget the sounding horn of Day;
And Exercise lean'd on his beechen spear
Attentive, listen to thy melting lay

Imagination and her glitt'ring train
Of ærial sp'rits at thy music fire.
And fly with Zephyr thro' th' ethereal plain,
On painted clouds, when Sol's last beams retire.

[illegible] thro' the Ocean's deepest caves,
[illegible] by the Mermaid's fascinating strain,
[illegible] wubbles, floating on the waves,
[illegible] bosoms heavy trembling o'er the

[illegible] tumultuous passions cease
[illegible] Envy's breast grows calm
[illegible] is hush'd to peace
[illegible] Harmony, the soul to charm.

[illegible] Despair, while listning to thy strains,
[illegible] sweet composure o'er her spirit steals,
[illegible] to calm her bosom rending pains,
[illegible] and heavi, or crushly mind'ous [illegible]

Ah did such pow'rs adorn my humble verse,
As those which animate thy tuneful song,
A nobler strain thy praises should rehearse;—
But to some other must the task belong,

To whom shall Fancy brighter stores impart;—
Yet thou wilt not disdain my humble Lyre,
Which would express the feelings of a heart,
Sincerity, and Gratitude, inspire.

STANZAS.

Oh! why did Fate, on childhood smiling,
Gild it with so bright a ray?
Or Hope, advancing Youth beguiling,
Strew op'ning roses, on my way?

For while her hand around was throwing
Profuse her flow'rs, the scene t' adorn;
I only mark'd their blossoms glowing,
Nor knew they hid the piercing thorn;

And their silken blooms concealing
Its sharp point, I fearless stray'd,
Nor dream'd of ill, 'till Wounded Feeling
Found the pang their Treach'ry made

[illegible] the clouds of Sorrow shading,
With sombre gloom, Life's rising morn.
[illegible] as the tall flow'rs fading,
[illegible] thorn.

[illegible] ruthless tempest sounded,
[illegible], and bore them, far and near,
[illegible] stems with thorn surrounded
[illegible] on my path appear.

[illegible] to heal to save me,
Where soul and heart might pluck the dart
[illegible] wound Affection gave me,
[illegible] my heart.

And forc'd dear Land! from thee to sever,
I go to wander o'er the earth,
But my heart shall doat for ever
On the clime which gave me birth.

Could my grief-worn soul applying
To the friends of happier days,
Ask that aid, which they denying
Sorrow might to Phrensy raise;

I might linger near the dwelling,
Which 'till now has been my home.
But no;---my soul indignant swelling,
Bids me go, and meet my doom.

[illegible] refuse me,
[illegible] my wonted stood seek;
[illegible],
[illegible],

[illegible] Mercy comes,
[illegible] Land from thee
[illegible] swell,
[illegible] the troubled sea,

[illegible] Loose, unknown strand
[illegible] the Globe I go,
[illegible]
[illegible]

But 'tis fix'd ;---the Fates ordain it,
And I seek beyond the wave,
What, had I remain'd to claim it,
Thou hads't freely giv'n ;---a Grave.

For though the friends of Fortune's Morning
Had seen me unprotected roam;
And the Child of Sorrow scorning,
Had refused to grant a home ;

On thy Maternal Bosom laying,
Death, in peace, my woes would steep;
Though Pride, no pompous tribute paying,
Ne'er my hapless fate should weep;

[illegible] thy kind embrace,
Had a quiet shelter found;
[illegible] Ills of Life or Ease;
[illegible] Mild or rough making wound,

Had Pride, my humble grave despising,
Rear'd no memorial o'er my clay;
[illegible] spot, some Wild Flow'r rising,
May [illegible] I lay;

[illegible] the Daisy Snowdrop growing,
[illegible] Lucina's vest of snow,
[illegible] Winter's winds were [illegible]
[illegible] blood below.

For I, in Sorrow's Winter blooming,
Have felt her blighting tempests rave,
And Grief, my Morn of Life, consuming,
Rests my prospects in the grave.

To some lone corner unfrequented
Of Russia's pathless wild I go;
There shall I slumber unlamented,
In her trackless waste of snow,

Which o'er my frame, Death's mantle throwing
Close shall the icy robe be press'd---
Dear native Land! thy green turf growing,
Had lain lightly on my breast --

[illegible], the snow-clad waste adorning,
No flow'rs shall blossom o'er my tomb:
And as I pass, with the dews of morning
O'ershed a grave-sod soft perfume.

[illegible] Red-breast, Bird of Pity,
Shall strew the spot, and hover near
[illegible] I've, the mournful ditty,
Which I've sung in Life, to hear.

Yet in the [illegible] dear Land! I never
Am, what a pang it costs to part,
To Death with sharply bind for ever,
The poor mourning breaking heart.

Alas! that heart with sorrow bleeding,
From my native Land I go;
My steps uncertainty preceding,
Follow'd by the form of Woe;

Yet, tho' in deserts cold and dreary,
I may wander far and near;
And my footsteps, faint and weary,
May be trac'd by Sorrow's tear;

Still there is One from ill can guard me,
Tho' houseless, friendless, I may roam;
He in compassion will regard me,
And afford my Woes a home.

Though no soft tear of Pity dewing
My hapless fate, from Human Eye,
Yet, my deep source of sorrow viewing,
My [illegible] source of sorrow dry.

[illegible] my mood without repining,
Bow submissive to my fate;
While [illegible] woes resigning,
Quiet on its pleasure wait.

Dear Resolve! Despair, tear inspiring,
He regards with equal eye;
My Heart, that though, with courage firing,
Dares a Present Deity.

My heart thy throbs of anguish ceasing,
In death at peace shall shortly lay ;
For He will soon, my soul releasing,
Call me to the Realms of Day.

STANZAS.

[illegible] WRITTEN [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] my [illegible] lies, dear and gen'rous [illegible]
[illegible] Pleasure, of my bad
[illegible] 'tis my natal day
[illegible] Prosperity; more, far more
[illegible] crosses, does the child of Woe
[illegible] for your kindness; but my breast
[illegible] wounded by th' envenom'd shaft
[illegible] of Sorrow, dead to ev'ry hope,
[illegible] rests in Heav'n, heaves its my [illegible]
[illegible] pronounce my [illegible]

With stifled sighs, and inwardly replies,
No brighter days await my anguish'd heart.
"For I am Sorrow's child," whose darksome clouds
Hang low'ring o'er my atmosphere,
And taint the very air, I breathe, with woe.
Where is the smiling train of Hope, which led
My Infant steps through flow'ry meads? Alas!
For ever fled; how oft (the lov'd companions
Of my youth) they cull'd the op'ning flow'r,
To strew my early path, or, with a rosy wreath,
Adorn'd the brows of her they flatter'd to betray.
Oh! if ye would my suff'rings here should cease,
Ye would, in pity, wish that Death, the wretch's
friend,
Should instant come, and in the silent tomb,
My breaking heart attain its wish'd repose

Let me endure, all that he shall inflict,
With humble thankfulness; and ye who shed
Compassion's tear upon my earthly fate,
Rejoice ye rather, that my trial comes
Before that awful birth-day when each soul
Must bear its doom eternal. Here is not our rest,
And they, who well sustain the trying scene, shall
meet reward.
Then wish me not more happy days; but with the
voice
Of gay congratulation, bid me hail
These hours of sorrow; and implore that He
Whose wisdom chastens whom he loves, will bless
With sweet compassion from his heav'nly throne.
And lead me thro' the trying scene below;
And pitying, as he views, the frailties of our flesh,
Prepare my troubled soul for Its Pure Home

STANZAS.

No sense of sorrow, then, oppress'd my heart;
No fond regrets, my infant accents breathed;
With tearless eye, I saw thee then, depart;
No sigh, of soft concern, my bosom heav'd;

Had Hope then whisper'd we again should meet,
I in her voice, no promis'd joy, had found;
But now alas! dear Anna! ah how sweet,
How full of harmony, would be that sound.

Forgive me!---then Joy's hand, with florets gay,
Strew'd Childhood's path, while Sport trip'd lightly round,
Brushing the dew drops of the morn away,
And smiling Hope led o'er enchanted ground,

[illegible] on Life's advancing day,
[illegible] Indifference, ever in her train,
[illegible] Affection would display
[illegible] Separation's keenest pain.

[illegible] Happy Hours, I now unmov'd,
[illegible] part, which Fancy would portray,
[illegible] one whom I had not lov'd?---
[illegible] now, will be our parting day.

[illegible] much lov'd now, appear,
[illegible] from the breast of Youth,
[illegible] deep drawn sighs, the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], Everlasting Truth

Go Friend belov'd!—thou to whose worth I owe
The keenest pang my bosom ever knew;
Whose kindness bids my parting tears to flow,
'Till scarce my lips pronounce their last adieu.

Farewell! if Friendship's pray'rs can ought avail,
Swift will the hours of absence flee away;
And soon Time's hand shall rend the sable veil,
Which clouds, with deepest gloom, our parting day.

Go and be happy!—let me, sometimes, claim
One tender recollection of thy breast;
And if on earth, doom'd never to meet again,
Our kindred souls will love in Realms of Rest.

THE FADED BOUQUET

A Song

[illegible] though no more your [illegible]
[illegible] to charm the Stranger's eye
[illegible] shudder, scornful pass you by
[illegible] sacred even your forms bedews.

[illegible] your luxuriant bloom
[illegible] in the morning gale
[illegible] to inhale
[illegible] your [illegible]

But Destiny has pluck'd ye, in your prime,
And vain alas! is Friendship's tender care,
In vain your blooms were Fragrant once, and
Fair;
Their charms avail not, with despoiling Time.

Short is the time, since at returning Morn,
With rapture'd eye, I watch'd your buds expand,
While smiling Nature, with her fost'ring hand,
Call'd ye to light, Spring's glowing wreath t' adorn,

Yet not ungrateful shall Eugenia be,
Her little all she gives with grief sincere,
Take it sweet Flow'rs! 'tis Friendship's Sacred
Tear,
Warm from the spring of Tend'rest Sympathy.

O [illegible] waters could your charms restore,
As, when by dire Affliction late oppress'd,
I [illegible] Anna's kindness, to my sorrowing breast,
[illegible] the lov'd Cherub Peace, once more!

Perchance poor Flow'ret not distant is the date
When me who mourns your melancholy doom,
Mark'd by Misfortune for an early tomb,
May want some tender Friend to weep her fate.

But till that hour, of Endless Peace, draws near,
Still will I love you, dear, though wither'd flow'rs,
Ye were cull'd from Friendship's Sacred Bow'rs,
Where Peace and Virtue crown the smiling year.

Oh! long may Happiness, with care benign,
Regard those bow'rs, where Colne delighted strays,
And leads his waves, in wild fantastic maze,
While Pleasure crowns with flow'rs, the brows of Time:

For in the shade of that sequester'd dale,
A sweeter Rose than Flora gives to bloom,
To Sorrow's Winter yields its soft perfume,
And, with its fragrance, scents the neighb'ring vale.

E'en Death's rude hand, robb'd of its With'ring Pow'r,
Shall pluck the tender bud, and bear away,
To bloom in scenes of Everlasting Day,
And yield to Heav'n, Unharm'd, its Sweetest Flow'r.

STANZAS,

[illegible] personal wit can be [illegible] which induces the [illegible] of fortune.

How Lyrick of Man' beneficent, and kind,
Shall Gratitude the debt she owes, repay
Forbear, in whom the wretched still shall find,
A ready Friend to wipe their griefs away?

Permit the Victor who returns from war,
His blood-stain'd brow with Laurel Wreaths to bind,
[illegible]
[illegible] proud Triumphal Car,
[illegible] Conq'ror of Mankind

But ah! his transient honors soon decay,
A rising Hero treads th' embattled plain,
Bears from the former Chief the prize away,
A more successful candidate for Fame.

To thee, are more unfading trophies due,
And far more pleasing to thy gen'rous breast;
For when Reflection shall past scenes review,
Goodness shall shine, in ev'ry act confess'd.

And that soft kindness which relieves the pain
Of suff'ring sickness, shall be ever nigh,
And lasting as Remembrance, shall remain
To light mild Pleasure in fair Mem'ry's eye.

SONNET I.

TO FAME.

Oh Thou! whose hand adorns the Conq'ror's brow,
With verdant Laurel's ever-blooming sprays,
And for the Poet, twines a wreath of Bays;
While from his Harp seraphick numbers flow.
I seek not to adorn my humble Lyre,
With such proud trophies; though their deathless bloom,
Which, with immortal honour, decks the tomb,
Might well an adamantine breast inspire.
I only ask, to crown my untaught lays,
A simple wreath, my artless Lyre to bind,
By sacred Friendship's hallow'd fingers twin'd;
Whose partial fondness gives its meed of praise.
Her hands, Oh Fame! to thy bright wreaths, impart
A dearer charm; which binds the Feeling Heart.

SONNET II.

TO SIMPLICITY.

SONNET III.

TO AUTUMN.

Oh Thou! whose hand paints ev'ry verdant grove,
With russet hue, to mark the varying year;
To view thy beauties, Autumn! will I rove,
For, to my bosom, e'en thy frowns are dear.
When the last warbler of the fading woods,
Pours his sad song, upon dull Eve's cold ear:
When dashing waters swell the rapid floods,
And own chill angry Winter's reign is near;
Still would I rove the fallen leaves among,
(Nor dread the boist'rous breath of Ev'ning gale;
To hear the Robin pipe his latest song,
And watch the torrent foaming down the dale:
For ah! methinks its rushing waters roll
In dreary cadence, to my troubled soul.

SONNET IV.

TO THE WOOD-ROSES.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

SONNET V.

TO A WHITE VIOLET IN BLOOM EARLY IN JANUARY.

Sweet little Flow'r! whose op'ning bloom
  Should deck the wreath of smiling Spring;
  Or scent the wand'ring Zephyr's wing;
Ah! why beneath the doubtful gloom,
That hovers o'er a wintry sky,
  Do'st thou expand thy tender flow'rs?
Alas! they blossom but to die,
  For see! the angry Tempest low'rs.
Sweet Flow'r! I mourn thy hapless fate;
  For ah! that soft reviving ray,
  Was but reviving to betray;
As thou shalt find, when 'tis too late.
So Fortune's smiles deceive in early youth,
Then leave to Grief, the child of Spotless Truth.

SONNET VI.

TO WINTER.

Stern Winter! [illegible] as thou art,
Some [illegible] melancholy sway,
And [illegible] Genius of thy shorten'd day,
[illegible] blasts, to this sad heart
[illegible] of Misfortune's sting,
[illegible] Pleasure ere it bloom,
And [illegible] destroy the flow'rs of Spring,
[illegible] finger beckons to the tomb.
Yet to this breast, thy tempests are more dear,
Than Spring's soft gales, or Summer's ripen'd
bloom;
[illegible] and sable clouds,
[illegible] wild roam, in awful grandeur drest,
[illegible] rough ether loves to ride,
[illegible]

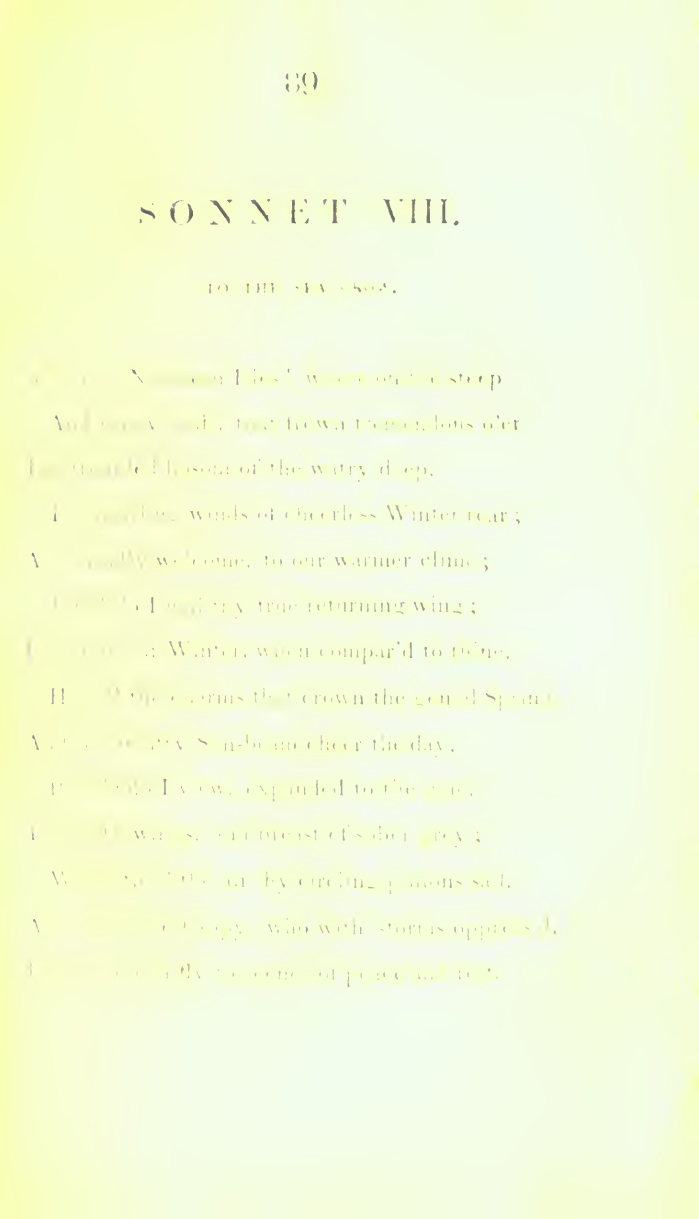
SONNET VII.

TO HOPE.

Oh Thou! whose magic hand displays,
Each distant prospect to the view,
In hues too brilliant to be true;
Why did I listen to thy lays?
For ah! beneath thy blooming rose
Pale Sorrow lurks, with pointed sting,
And Disappointment's chill wind blows,
And blights those flow'rs thou bad'st to spring.
Then hence! sweet ærial form away;
Nor strew my devious way with flow'rs;
For ah, beneath the rougher pow'rs
Of Pain, and Grief, their charms decay.
Or only come, attired in Faith's pure vest,
To paint that Heav'n, where Grief's sad children
rest.

SONNET VIII.

TO THE SAME.



SONNET IX.

TO THE SKY-LARK.

Sweet little Warbler of the op'ning Morn!
Joy'd do I hear thee, pour thy matin strain,
As rising, from the dew bespangled plain,
Thy songs salute the roseate hour of dawn.
When from this scene of Sorrow and Despair,
I view thy lightly flutt'ring wings arise,
Pleas'd do I trace thy passage through the air,
And wish my spirit too, could gain the skies.
Ah! happy Bird! thou hast the pow'r to fly,
Should the rude Peasant thy retreat molest,
Or Schoolboy wand'ring near, disturb thy nest;
And seek a refuge in yon azure sky.
Ah that my spirit thus might wing its flight,
And find repose, in realms of Heavenly Light.

SONNET X.

TO FANCY.

SONNET XI.

THE TEMPEST.

When Day's bright Orb resigns to Eve the West,
Clouds upon Clouds, in Sulph'ry Columns roll'd,
Their dark Skirts, flaming with his parting gold,
Hang low'ring o'er the Ocean's heaving breast.
The Sea-fowls screaming as they skim the deep
With circling wing;---the distant Thunder drear,
And hollow blast, proclaim the Tempest near,
And bid the toiling Mariner to weep,
The long lost comforts of his native shore,
Which ne'er again may bless his sorr'wing eyes---
Yet Morn in cloudless majesty shall rise,
And bid the elements to rage no more.
So shall Life's low'ring Tempests flee away;
Chased, by the dawning of Eternal Day.

SONNET XII.

TO HOPE.

A RESOLUTION TO PASS A DAY WITH SOME CHEERFUL FRIENDS.

[illegible] Rainbow's various dyes,
Constant promise, and each promis'd vow
[illegible] glowing hue,
[illegible] sol, the Fate's realities.
[illegible] smile
[illegible] Sages say,
[illegible] yesterday,
[illegible] but to beguile.
[illegible] remedy by the appetite
[illegible] the tranquil scene,
[illegible] be seen,
[illegible] atmosphere,
[illegible]
[illegible]

SONNET XIII.

TO SPRING.

Hail! sweet restorer of each fragrant flow'r,
From Nature's Chaplet, by rude Winter torn,
Pleas'd do I view thee, (when returning Morn
Begems thy tresses with a dewy show'r,)
Shade the Corolla of each flow'r that blooms,
While o'er its petals thy soft fingers trace,
The faintest lines; and shed thy richest grace
O'er its fair form, diffusing sweet perfumes.
But most for this, fair Spring! I love thy reign,
That when the storms of Sorrow o'er me low'r,
And Grief's chill Winter desolates my bow'r,
Thy mild return, an emblem, shall remain,
That when the Winter of Life's scene is o'er,
Fair Spring shall bloom, in Heav'n, to fade No More.

SONNET XIV.

TO MORNING.

N[illegible] Lo! up the streaks of dawn,
And Night's [illegible] are
And [illegible]
[illegible] Morn;
W[illegible] gay bow'r
W[illegible] hand,
W[illegible] purple
[illegible] flow'r
[illegible] Eternal Morn,
Which soon [illegible] above your [illegible] sky,
Bids the [illegible] Life to fly;
[illegible] who [illegible]
[illegible] in Heav'n at last,
[illegible] sorrow past.

SONNET XV.

OCCASIONED BY RETURNING TO MY NATIVE PLACE.

Oh! ye lov'd scenes, and do mine eyes once more,
From your wild heights behold the sun descend?
While his bright flames their parting rays extend,
Tinging the wave, that bathes my native shore.
A sweet tranquillity pervades the scene;
In hush'd repose, the Ocean's bosom sleeps,
Save where the oar its measur'd dashing keeps,
Or Seaman's voice disturbs the blue serene.
I feel my breast expand to Pleasure's glow,
As here once more I breathe the fresh'ning gale,
And at each breath, I seem new health t' inhale;
More than or Wealth, or Power can bestow,
To me, dear scenes of Nature, ye impart;
Ye "chase Misfortune's gloom," and sooth my heart.

SONNET XVI.

SONNET XVII.

TO MISS A*****A C*****N, ON HER RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

The op'ning Rose-bud blushing on her cheek,
And pleasure laughing on her polish'd brow,
While youth, and beauty, o'er each feature glow,
And in her eyes Hope's cheering accents speak,
Fair Health appears; and round Augusta's brow,
With tender care, a rosy chaplet wreathes,
And o'er each flow'r her magic influence breathes,
While it shall bloom, her blushes to bestow.
Long may it bloom unsnatch'd by Time,
And when (for Death must claim) it shall decay,
And Death shall close to Love's soft May,
While Sorrow twines her Cypress o'er my shrine,
May Angels crown thee, on the heav'nly shore,
With Glory's wreath, with Bliss and Peace and Love.

SONNET XVIII.

SONNET XXI.

TO RELIGION.

Religion! thou, whose form of heav'nly light,
Scar'd by the din of Fashion's motly crew,
Mourning Mankind's apostate state, withdrew,
Pruning thy pinions for eternal flight.
With soul enraptur'd by the blissful sight,
I see thee, hov'ring o'er this favour'd scene,
And view thy Minister, with saintlike mien,
Remove the veil of Ignorance's dark night.
Celestial Cherub! here thou yet may'st stay,
Though from each quarter of the globe thou'rt
driv'n;
Nor venal Priest shall barter thee away,
Nor stab, to thy fair name, shall here be giv'n,
While C***s mild precepts all thy charms display,
And his example leads the way to Heav'n.

SONNET XX.

SONNET XXI.

TO THE HON. MRS. B****.

Oh! thou sweet Songstress, whose melodious strain
Seems, as it strikes on wrapt Attention's ear,
The music of the bless'd celestial sphere,
Stealing our spirits from their mortal frame.
How rich in harmony, sublimely flows,
That heav'n-taught strain, (which kindling Fancy fires
As some fair Seraph's from the heav'nly quires,)
How sweetly does that dying cadence close.
Oh that my untaught hands might dare aspire
An off'ring worthy of thy merits to bring;
What notes of praise should vibrate on the string,
How proudly would I wake my silent Lyre,
To thee, to whose soft strains, such pow'rs belong,
That they Listens, till she loves thy song.

SONNET XXII

SONNET XXIII.

WRITTEN ON THE CHURCH HILL, NEAR BRIGHTON,
AT SUNSET.

How bright the hue that tints the "blushing west,"
How proudly waves yond' forest its tall head,
Where Sol's last rays a crimson mantle spread,
While sinks his orb, behind yon hill, to rest.
Ah! had the prison's cell confin'd my sight,
From Life's new morning, to the present day,
Had Sol's reviving beams, with cheering ray,
Ne'er bless'd me, thro' my Dungeon's grates, with light,
Sure pleas'd Imagination, flutt'ring near,
Would fancy the bright glow announc'd the dawn,
That soon the Sun would gild the coming Morn,
Nor dream the hue must fade, in shadow drear:
So Hope's bright glow, Youth's horizon illumes,
Deludes the sight, then sinks in Midnight's glooms.

SONNET XXIV.

SONNET XV.

TO THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Hail silent Hour! congenial to my breast,
Whether dark Winter draws his gelid team
O'er the wide scene, and on the Garden's plain,
Frost scatters sparkles, from her shining vest;
When the pale Moon, in lively pride array'd,
Looks from Night's cloudless throne of sapphire blue,
And glist'ring in the ray, the flowing dew
Hangs minute brilliants on each grassy blade:
Or whether Summer fans her cheek, flow'rs,
My heart, dear pensive Hour! thy solemn hails;
For then this Earth, like man in second youth,
And the freed soul, exulting in her pow'rs,
From the dark scene of suffering, exhort flies,
To contemplate her mansion, in the Skies.

SONNET XXVI.

SONNET XXVII.

TO THE MOON.

Oh thou fair Orb! whose tender placid light,
With modest radiance, decks the ev'ning hour;
Oft have I hail'd thy melancholy pow'r,
With all the wild Enthusiast's delight.
But now no more, when in the western sky,
The glowing tints of parting daylight fail,
Shall sad Eugenia, with delighted eye,
View thy mild rays, gleam on the "skiff's white sail."
Yet, when far distant from my native shore,
I view the wood tops silver'd by thy beams,
Fond thought shall whisper, that thy radiance streams,
On those lov'd mountains, I shall view no more;
And Mem'ry paint the beauties of this scene,
When my sad breast, was like thine hour, serene.

SONNET XXVIII.

TO MELANCHOLY.

SONNET XXIX.

TO THE PRIMROSE.

Hail! modest floret; bath'd in glitt'ring dew
I love to view thee bloom beneath the shade;
And from some mossy bank of lonely glade,
Diffuse thy fragrance far from public view.
What though with anxious care, no cult'ring hand,
Thy pallid blooms, shields from too rude a gale;
Sweetly they open, in the lonely vale,
And to the chilling breath of March expand.
So does the child of modest Virtue bloom,
Veil'd by Retirement's shades, from garish day,
Yet when pale Sorrow obscures the faded ray
Of Fortune's Sun; whilst light Life's brighter noon,
Her blooms (like thine by day's fierce heat oppress'd)
Shall sooth, with fragrant balm, Grief's twilight breast.

SONNET XXX.

SONNET XXXI.

TO MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Sweet Poetess! as pensive oft I stray,
Amid the wilds thy steps were wont to trace,
Thy charmful strains impart a touching grace,
To each rude scene, where thou hast waked thy lay.
Some sweet enchantment sooths my soul to rest,
As Mem'ry oft, thy tuneful verse recalls,
While Ev'ning's pearly tear unheeded falls
On ev'ry vermeil floret's fragrant breast.
Sweet Poetess! around thy honour'd brow,
A wreath of simple flow'rs, I fain would twine:
But when its blooms are intermix'd with thine,
(Where Poesy's most cultur'd blossoms glow)
To thee, its wild buds could no praise impart,
Thy Proudest Trophy, is the Feeling Heart

SONNET XXXII.

TO [illegible]NATION.

[illegible] Power, [illegible] wounded mind,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with poison'd dart;
[illegible] [illegible] to my real report;
[illegible] [illegible] my sorrows bind.
[illegible] [illegible] in the mental storms to me;
[illegible] [illegible] Misfortune's gale;
[illegible] [illegible] to shine,
[illegible] [illegible] Life's tumult Lull.
[illegible] [illegible] Hope's bloom [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] from Life's tumult [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] by [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] lost repose
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SONNET XXXIII.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Sweet Floret! who beneath the lonely shade
Delight'st to bloom, and shed soft fragrance round;
No gaudy colour's o'er thy vest display'd,
Mark the lone spot, where thy soft bells are found.
The sons of Pleasure careless pass thee by,
Nor ought suspect where lurks thy tender flow'r;
But he who loves thee, with inquiring eye,
Seeks thy soft Florets, in their hidden bow'r;
There wrapt in all thy beauties, tender, fair,
Unseen thy bells diffuse their soft perfume,
And shun th' obtrusive, but refulgent glare,
Attendant on the fervid hour of Noon.
Ah! lovely Flow'r, unfit in life to shine,
May my lone dwelling be unknown like Thine

SONNET XXXIV.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

[illegible] my Birth Day, [illegible] Year!
[illegible], with second sports, and glee,
[illegible] welcome with Festivity,
[illegible] with a silent tear.
[illegible], with noiseless step, has trac'd,
[illegible] seasons of the parted year;
No Winter's snows could stay his swift career,
No Summer's roses, with rich profusion grac'd:
[illegible] World has sail'd along
Down its broad stream; since last his rapid tide,
[illegible], threw thy portals open wide,
[illegible] with its festive song,
[illegible] corners wanton in the air,
My [illegible] guided by Despair.

A

MONODY,

ON

THE DEATH

OF

THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL

HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON.

BY

Though Earth's remotest regions eager flies;
And as her notes to all proclaim,
Britannia, Mistress of the Main,
Earth, Air, and Ocean, catch the sound
And wond'ring Nations, rang'd around,
To either Pole, with shouts convey
The tidings of the glorious day;
While, (as her favour'd Nelson's name she breathes)
More clear, and loud, her Trumpet sounds, more long,
And strewing round, her everlasting wreaths,
Glory, triumphant joins th' exulting song,
And tells his actions, to the list'ning skies.

But whence! with Discord harsh, to spoil the scene,
Vict'ry had form'd so fair,
Those cries of woe?
That piercing scream,

[illegible] wreath [illegible] scorn of Despair.

[illegible] [illegible], (whose direct sound

[illegible] crimson stream of Life to flow,)

[illegible] [illegible] can bear,

[illegible] [illegible] too must share,

[illegible] Glory's rays,

[illegible] thy brows with light refulgent blaze.

[illegible] wert Rose-bud hide the thorn,

[illegible] by Conquest, thou must mourn.

Yet [illegible] trophies, which adorn thy brow

[illegible] Unfolding Youth,

[illegible], Loyalty, and Truth,

Of [illegible], where Valour bade thy Laurels grow;

And [illegible] wreaths thy temples crown'd

Oh scene of woe ! extended on the ground,
Convuls'd with Phrensy, Ocean's Goddess lies,
In sad expression fix'd, her haggard eyes,
On the gay scene of smiling Mirth around.
Her chon tresses, all unbound, and torn,
Disorder'd, o'er her snowy shoulders flow :
And, to the touching graces of her form,
Add, "All the awful negligence of woe :"
While, in mute agony, to her sad breast
(Bare and all crimson'd with his streaming blood)
She clasps his corse, and bathes with Sorrow's flood,
As with wild anguish, in her looks express'd,

[illegible] view the ghastly wound
Where [illegible]'s envenom'd arrow gave,
[illegible] Hero of the wave,
[illegible] and welt'ring in his gore,
[illegible] Battle's roar,
[illegible] and the direful blow
Which laid the godlike Nelson low;
[illegible] wildest transports of Despair,
[illegible] hears, and beats her breast with grief
[illegible] tresses, her darkly flowing hair,
[illegible] crows o'er her slaughter'd chief,
[illegible] of woe, from ev'ry side resound.

"Hence! Hounds of Terror! for human blood," she cries,
"Crowd not the horrid din of War,
"Here e'en your savage breasts suffice

The streams of gore,
Which flow'd around,---
The groans of Death,---whose mournful sound
In dying accents seem'd to toll,
As slow, it broke, upon the shudd'ring ear,
The knell of some departing soul;
While, sound of Death!
The heavy cannon's breath,
(Oh had not this dire scene enough of fear?)
With frequent fire, and lurid glare,
Call'd up the Demons of Despair:

The horrid clangour which assail'd the sky,
The smoke sulphureous that obscur'd the Heav'n,
The falling Mast, in shatter'd splinters riv'n,
And frequent crash of rigging from on high,

The bark dismasted, reeling on the tide
An useless wreck, which, thro' the started staves
Lies in the briny flood at ev'ry side,
And deep, and deeper, sinking in the waves,
Till, [illegible] the rushing waters flow
O'er the high deck, the rapid whirl of Fate,
Where hapless Seamen strive, alas! too late,
To [illegible] that rend, they never more must know:
[illegible] works, burning with quenchless fire,
A wond'rful sheet of spreading flame,
[illegible] bloody hue, the Main,)
Wide blazing wildly to the skies,
With sanguine stream, Heav'n's concave dyes,
While the round scene around, displays
[illegible] from the crimson blaze

The toiling Mariners, whose cares in vain
Still on the fire, the quenching water pour,
To damp the ardour of the raging flame,
Till, the tall Bark, amid Destruction's roar,
To rent to atoms with explosion dire:

The brands, still flaming, scatter'd wide around,
With dread Destruction's horrors fraught;
And instant following, the gloom profound:
Oh! had ye sought,
Ye Fiends of War!
Daughters of black Despair!
A view more dread, to feast your sight,
On Earth, your savage eyes could not have found,
A scene so fill'd with pale affright;

[illegible] slaughter there,

Wav'd her red flag in vain;

And yell'd, with mad'rous joy, the scene around,

With [illegible] gore, from her blood-stain'd ear,

[illegible] of the war,

[illegible] ye, fell Furies! [illegible] fight;

And, by your screams, provok'd the fight:

Yet were not enough! could ye not hear,

[illegible] wreath'd round her majestic brow,

[illegible] by the accursed breath of Woe,

But [illegible] the crown of Victory wore?

[illegible] crimson'd her, the wreath appear,

[illegible] the vivid green;

[illegible] Mercy's tones [illegible],

[illegible]

And when Britannia, to each future Age,
Would tell her triumphs gain'd upon the flood,
Written in characters of Nelson's blood,
Trafalgar's name, on her recording page,
Shall bid each feature varying feelings shew,
Pale Sorrow, here, shall prompt the sigh.
And frequent tear, there, Courage high
Shall at the gen'rous weakness blush;
And Indignation's heetic flush,
Dart its warm colour o'er her cheek,
Whene'er her sons of Nelson speak,
Or kindle in her eye; as glancing round,
She loud declares revenge shall still be mine;
And, in her ev'ry glance, is vengeance found---
But diff'rent Britain, is my grief, to thine,
Thine is a Nation's, mine a Mother's woe.

While loudly, 'gainst the rocky shore,
The [illegible] dash'd, with [illegible] roar,
And the wild Tempest's [illegible] drear,
[illegible]
[illegible] unmov'd, the [illegible]
And scoff'd, o'er the [illegible]
[illegible] the British Flag, aloft display'd,
[illegible] prompter of high deeds, appeals
Britons, Conscious to Fame the Brave."

[illegible] Danger's [illegible], to the [illegible]
[illegible] to o'erwhelm,
The sleeping child,
[illegible]
[illegible]

And though Despair, and Death, with gastly
forms,
Still met his view, he at their terrors smil'd.
And far, and wide, to ev'ry shore,
Britannia's name, triumphant bore
Bade winds obey,
And ruffled waters own his pow'rful sway
Who view'd the horrors of the scene,
With soul unbending, and serene,
While, Britain, with her lond inspiring strain
Prophetick of his future glory, hail'd
The boy, who thus by Danger unappall'd
To crown his brows, the brightest wreath of
Fame,
Snatch'd from the grasp [illegible] of the Storms

From the lost trav'ller's weary sight
Shrouds in the sable garb of night.)
Shewing the dreary darkness more
By contrast with the light before;
A second emblem, bright, yet sad, displays,
Of deeds, which as the Sun, bursts on the sight
From the dark body which obscur'd his rays;
Shall pierce the veil of Death, with burnish'd light
And radiant shine in Everlasting Noon.

Scarce had the Boy beheld by blooming Spring
Twelve times the brows of Nature crown'd,
When, glowing Ardour, with her flutt'ring wing,
(Then first unbound)

[illegible] stain'd.
[illegible] the [illegible] of the land,
Who [illegible] Angel Wounds their vessels keep?"
[illegible] w'r divine the fear'd isle)
An[illegible] [illegible] to scream at the deep,
'Mid climes unknown,
And stormy seas to roam;
[illegible] perilous shoals the pilot oft beguile,
[illegible] loud tempest wildly raves,
And [illegible] conceal'd beneath the waves,
[illegible] Matron deplore
[illegible] [illegible], and native shore.

[illegible] [illegible] Jamaica's sultry climes,
[illegible] Summer pours her fervid ray,
[illegible] on [illegible] cliffs her blazing day
[illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] Phœbus shines

Where Afric's sable sons in bondage mourn,
And fan, with frequent sighs, the sultry air,
From friends, and country, by Oppression torn,
Wretched, though guiltless, victims of Despair:
Where the dread Earthquake yawns, whose jaws of death,
At once, whole Cities, in destruction lay,
And Fever rages with resistless sway,
Loading with poison, ev'ry Zephyr's breath:
Where hourly, natives of some happier shore,
Fall hapless victims of Disease,
Caught from the death-infected breeze,
Which, ere the buds of Life expand,
Strews them, all wither'd o'er the land;
And sweeps to an untimely tomb,
With ruthless haste, Youth's op'ning bloom:

So Ætna throws
But sparks at first, then glows
With floods of flame, which gild the neighb'ring land;
But though bright gleams her sea of light,
Close follows Horror's veil of night;

While Nelson's soul of fire, spread terror round,
Not to destroy, but bless his native isle;
He bade Prosperity on Britain smile;
And, in her ports, the voice of Commerce sound,
He bade, from pole, to pole, her Fleets to sail,
Her friends to succour, or her foes defy;
And taught each breast grim Danger's form to hail,
And bravely conquer, or as nobly die;

[illegible] ess'ence of Earth already knows,
Becomes too narrow for his glowing mind,
Too ardent for a world so confin'd,
Where the [illegible] of the sunburnt Zone
Forgets the Northern [illegible] has cheerless reign,
And deserts crown'd with endless snow,
No genial rays of Summer know.
[illegible] dismiss'd, t' explore
[illegible] unknown shore,
[illegible] friendly gale
Had wafted [illegible] Discovery's sail,
Nor like to hoary Winter's train
[illegible] to oppress,
[illegible] Winter's Zone to find,
[illegible] protect and bless.

Here, still unblighted, by the frozen clime,
That Genius, glow'd with brighter ray.
Which fann'd to flame, by all-maturing time
Resplendent day,
On Britain shed,
And twin'd exulting round her head,
The wreath of Everlasting Fame.
By Conquest's hands, of Blooming Laurel wove
Whose Deathless Verdure shall proclaim,
From pole to pole,
Where Ocean's waters roll,
How nobly for his country, Nelson strove.
And taught Gaul's upstart pride, to know
And dread, the prowess of her foe:
And scatter'd bade those forces fly
Which dar'd Britannia to defy

While War's dark Fiends, their horrid notes
Pour'd thro' an hundred brazen throats,
Where Horror, reign'd with carnage crown'd,
And Death's grim figure stalk'd around,
O'er slaughter'd heaps, all bath'd in reeking blood,
Where chiefs, and seamen, undistinguish'd lie,
And streams of gore, the Ocean's briny flood,
With stains of deep ensanguin'd colour dye,
He still was found; and such example's sway,

That ev'ry Man, by Nelson's brav'ry fir'd,
Rush'd 'mid the dread alarms,
As if new force,
By him inspir'd,
With added vigour strung his arms,

[illegible] the unclouded bright'ness of his course,
[illegible]e Ardour's flame in ev'ry bosom glow,
And ott extatic in his fame,
[illegible]dly Tars would toast his name,
And proudly boast
[illegible]ould Gaul, or twice our numbers form be-
fore',
And, [illegible] in her m'rous pow'rs,
Expect an easy prey in ours,
Or, should all Europe's naval pow'rs unite,
His skill, and Valour, would the day obtain
And Victo'ry, proud to hail the Hero's name,
With whom 'twas one, to Conquer, and to
Fight,
[illegible] Deathless Chaplet on his brow

Nile, where his rapid current joins the main,
Has, Vict'ry's voice, heard in his thunder roar,
And Egypt's strand, purpled with streams of gore,
To future times a record shall remain,
Of deeds, which 'till the Sun forgets to shine,
And Earth, has ceas'd her wonted round to trace,
'Till Order's hands, the Universe resign,
And Chaos, fills again the realms of space;
Shall round Britannia pour a flood of light,
Where, Glory's Sun emits his noontide blaze,
And, tender Mercy, with her modest rays,
Shews Valour's burnish'd Star more truly bright
This, and a thousand other deeds of fame
Which on his country's records live,
Shall to that Country, honour give,

From that dark shade,
By Time with stealing finger, made;
And while her ceaseless sorrows flow,
O'er her lamented Nelson's sacred tomb,
They bid spontaneous Laurels grow,
And gently wave,
Their branches o'er his grave,
While cherish'd sorrow for her Hero's doom,
Gemming with trembling tears her eye,
His Lasting Eulogy supply.

Yet Britain! check awhile thy griefs, and rise
To War, and Vengeance; bid thy thunder roar,
Nor thus supinely rest, while bath'd with gore
The slaughter'd body of thy Chieftain lies

[illegible] Gallia's shouts attest the bloody deed;
Revenge, is sure to Nelson's mem'ry due;
For whom he lov'd, his arms had bade her bleed,
[illegible] her vile taunts insulted you.
A[illegible] shout! let not the Nations say,
That Gaul's resisting sons, unaw'd by fear,
(While Britain bore their horrid cries to hear)
[illegible] o'er his lifeless clay!
[illegible] o'er his lov'd corse to mourn,
While [illegible] from his noble side,
By Lethe's pow'rful stream thy earth is clos'd;
Hush'd [illegible] on the lea,
Who by [illegible] ruthless Hero low;
Though [illegible] Nelson now no more,
[illegible] the future battle roar.

Should Gaul advent'rous, seek thy power to try,
Let actions tell her thou art still the same;
Still firmly fix'd, to conquer, or to die,
That grief can't quench thy anger's glowing flame;
But fans the fire, and bids it stronger burn.

That, though the tears of bitter anguish flow,
And Sorrow's mournful accents speak,
Not Shame, but Indignation, bids to glow
Thy fever'd cheek,
And fires thine eye,
While heaves thy breast the deep drawn sigh
Say; though escap'd to realms of day,
Thy Nelson tastes in heav'n secure repose,
Thou still wilt guard his hallow'd clay.

Wolfram his name,

Thy arms now force shall [illegible]

[illegible] pleasure o'er [illegible] on his face,

[illegible] unspoil'd,

[illegible] by [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] soon her tents [illegible]

[illegible] deep wounds thy pow'r [illegible]

[illegible] on the glorious [illegible]

[illegible], then they slow my [illegible]

[illegible] his tears, exciting [illegible]

[illegible] or Dutch [illegible]

[illegible] resembling [illegible]

[illegible] o'er my [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Last and most brilliant of his glorious days,
When, after months, the flying foe he'd chas'd
And twice across the vast Atlantic trac'd,
And like the Phenix fann'd his funeral blaze:
For when their armament had boasting sail'd,
Our western India's wealth to gain,
Soon as they heard thy Nelson's name,
The coward voice of pale Affright,
With Flying Colours, taught to fight;
And crowding to the fav'ring gale,
With eager haste, each spreading sail;
Beneath the southern Sun's enliv'ning ray,
Where Cape Trafalger crowns the Ocean's tide,
And Cadiz, forms the ample shelter'd bay,
Secure, they hop'd, their naval force might ride,
Nor be, by Nelson's warlike greeting hail'd.

Hope for soon his smaller pow'r
From its safe covert drew the foe,
And trembling Gaul beheld War's tempest low'r,
Whose vengeful blow,
Wrath-deadly fate,
Whelm her Fleets, whose pride elate,
Half-mark'd thy squadrons for their own.
O, day of lasting honour! day of grief!
How oft, at the Sun of Victory shone
On Nelson's crest,
Where Honour's chaplet press'd,
Pale sacred temples of thy godlike chief
And Triumph's wreath, of living breath,
Snatch'd from the pangs of Death

Whose hand, too soon, the direful blow had giv'n,
While wide he op'd his ghastly arms in vain,
To grasp his victim, for Untarnish'd Fame,
Screen'd with her wing, (a Delegate of Heav'n)
And fondly o'er her fainting Hero hung,
As Life's warm stream, flow'd thicken'd to his heart,
Caught the last fault'ring accents of his tongue,
And sooth'd the anguish of Death's poison'd dart;
While weeping Honour, pointing to the sky,
Clasp'd to her anguish'd breast his lifeless clay;
And as she bore him, to the realms of day,
Affection's tears gemm'd Glory's radiant eye.

TO

WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

ON HEARING HE WAS WRITING A POEM

Say, simple wild Flower, from the Mountain's brow
Entwine, sweet Bard! a wreath so fair as thine?
Must I, untaught, a wild plant presume to blow,
Where bright Essex's without number shine?

Or may an untaught Muse presume to sing
His praise, who well Apollo might inspire?
Nor will the Bard who wakes the tuneful string
Disdain the efforts of my humble Lyre?

Ah no! beneficent and kind of heart,
Is he who Cowper's tender friendship claim'd;
And well sustain'd Affection's soothing part,
While his mild Spirit on the earth remain'd.

Unskill'd to tune the Lyre, or wake the song,
Still will I venture on my bold design;
And Hayley's name, oft breath'd these wilds among,
Shall echo from their vales, and heights sublime.

But far from praising, are my feeble lines;
They only half express how I admire;
Nor can a name, which so transcendent shines,
E'er borrow lustre from my humble Lyre.

B[illegible] lov'd [illegible] ow'r,
[illegible] Avon's shore [illegible]
[illegible] with Poesy's sweet flow'rs
[illegible] meanders soar.

[illegible] warm praise to [illegible] Friendship due,
[illegible] should seek thy calm retreat,
[illegible] Cowper knew,
[illegible] should greet.

Ye Sons of Genius [illegible] born,
Whose pow'r [illegible] sombre scene [illegible]
[illegible]
A[illegible] still dawn,
W[illegible] Native Sphere.

* [illegible]

And when this World's tumultuous scene shall
cease,
And Hayley! thou shalt join thy friend in
Heav'n,
In the bright regions of Eternal Peace,
Where Pain, and Sorrow, shall no more be giv'n;

By some kind hand, as faithful to thy shade,
As thou to Cowper's; o'er th' Historic Page,
Ah may thy virtues to the world display'd,
Correct, surprise, and please, the rising Age.

To thee Immortal Bard! belong such pow'rs,
That like the Nightingale, whene'er you sing,
Fresh verdure seems t' adorn e'en leafless bow'rs,
And gloomy Winter wears the garb of Spring;

Fancy wonder sacred the sequester'd spot,
Where Learning finds with thee her hallow'd seat;
The world its follies and its cares forgot:
Where fav'ring Muses hear its lone retreat.

Bid Loves and Graces thro' the valley rove;
Paint ev'ry flow'r that blooms, with brighter hue;
Shake the young leaf that trembles in the grove;
And gem each spray with drops of brightest dew.

Be not the charms that to thy verse belong,
Thy Taste refin'd, thy Fancy's brilliant Fires;
Or e'en the melting sweetness of thy song;
The tender tribute to thy name inspires.

Thy gen'rous Friendship bade me wake the strain,
But ah my Reed! forsake the bold design,
The Glow-worm's light, shall glimmer but in vain
Where Gems of Brightest Lustre ever shine.

Forgive then, Fav'rite of the tuneful Nine
This vain attempt to cull for thee fresh Bays;
While Admiration prompts this humble line,
I celebrate thy Virtues, not thy Lays.

But ne'er to Mortal Pow'r shall it be giv'n,
Meetly to praise those Virtues wond'rous Bard,—
Angels bear record of thy Worth in Heav'n,
Where ev'ry action meets its Just reward

THE ADIEU.

[illegible] ye [illegible]ooming valleys [illegible]

[illegible] stream, in murmurs pour thy wave,

[illegible] these fav'rite haunts I fly,

[illegible] tempests ceaseless rave.

[illegible] I urg'd my pray'r

[illegible] on Ayon's side.

[illegible] tender tear

[illegible] upon the grave.

Adieu ye cliffs, from whence I used to hail,
With gladsome song, the fresh return of day,
Or from your summits watch the vessel sail,
While o'er the wave soft Zephyr lov'd to play.

Adieu ye rocks, adieu my native shore,
Eugenia sighing takes a long adieu;
Yet oft' shall Fancy hear these waters roar,
When my sad eyes no more their course shall
view.

Ye mountains! and Juventa's hill! farewell,
Ye haunts of Ceres, and Apollo's plain,
Ye woods where musing Echo loves to dwell,
Where first I mingled in the Muses' train.

Oft' when from yonder smiling Village came,
A jocund train of Nymphs and Shepherds gay,
For them my wild harp pour'd its artless strain,
And, woke lov'd Arun's echos, with my lay.

But now no more these tearful eyes shall view,
These scenes so lov'd, these plains to grief so dear,
And as my lips pronounce their last adieu,
Remembrance claims the tribute of a tear.

Oft' 'mid these winding Vales or Mountains blue,
Alone, my steps have stray'd, at Ev'ning's tide,
When o'er the Earth, the Maid her mantle threw,
And all th' horizon in bright saffron dy'd.

[illegible] wild wood-walks have I roam'd among,
When, Autumn's tints, each changing leaf display'd
And the sad warblers rais'd their latest song,
Borne, by the gale of Ev'ning, thro' the shade.

When sang the Robin 'mid'st his fading bow'rs,
And o'er them pour'd his softly plaintive notes,
When, on dying gales at Ev'ning hours,
Pure, balmy essence, thro' mild Ether floats.

Then when thy plains with health and plenty bless'd,
Beheld with joy, each quick revolving year,
Thy vales with rural beauty dress'd,
While now I tread this tributary tear.

Ah! to mine eyes, how chang'd the scene appears;
This streamlet pours a sadly plaintive lay,
And Echo, wrap'd in sombre silence, hears
The hunter's horn, unanswer'd, greet the day.

How deep a stillness o'er this valley reigns,
How like the awful silence of the tomb,
No early lab'rer treads these furrow'd plains,
No warbling songster dissipates the gloom.

Amid these dells which Spring's first flow'rs adorn,
I seem, with Nature, to exist alone,
As here I wait, to hear the sounding horn
Once more recall my years of pleasure flown.

His hoary locks bespeak a length of years,
Contentment smiles upon his sun-burnt brow,
A manly courage o'er his front appears,
And speaks his heart to pity human woe.

His faithful dog, for ever by his side,
Now climbs with him this mountain's tangled steep,
At his command, would stem the River's tide,
And to their pasture call the wand'ring sheep.

Now climbs the Woodman o'er the neighb'ring hill
Gilt by bright Phœbus' scarcely risen beams,
And now I hear the clarion echo'd shrill
Along the windings of my native streams

With sorrowing step, I quit thy fertile side,
Scene late of pleasure, now of heartfelt woe;
Perchance lov'd Stream! these eyes thy crystal tide,
No more shall view, in native wildness flow.

Enamick scenes, wild glens, and mossy-grown dells,
Once more I bid your lovely scenes adieu;
Where'er my pleasures fled, Remembrance dwells,
I sorely sigh'd to wind Arun's streams to view;

Where'er I wand'red, still I'll paint this fertile shore,
Where'er I rov'd, Nature first Affection grew.
Long o'er the well-known eye, the pearly tear,
Shall gently swell, breathe her sad adieu.

And ah! where'er my wand'ring footsteps stray,
Still, in idea, thy lov'd scenes shall rise,
In all the charms of home, bright as the day,
When Sol in radiance gilds the eastern skies.

STANZAS.

Ah soon on happier climes, (where Nature pours
Her gifts more lib'ral than on our drear coast,)
His orb shall shine; whose wild uncultur'd shores,
Can gold, and gems, and spicy treasures boast.

But though Fertility may there display,
A rich profusion of her fruits and flow'rs;
Ripen'd, and blooming, by his genial ray;
While only snows, and wint'ry glooms are ours;

Not more sincere, the Gratitude they pay,
Though richer, than affords our niggard clime,
So hands more skilful, may awake a lay
More sweet, but not more heartfelt, than is mine

While Day on the South has long been sunk to rest,
Oft fondly do we watch the blushing skies,
Still mingling with the last rays; till Night's dark vest,
Shades the lovely treasure from our eyes.

(Sweet Remembrance of Day's bright hours.)
The Moon, fair rising o'er yon distant height,
Shows to the Traveller Midnight's tow'rs,
And gilds the landscape with Reflected Light.

While every Star with kindly deign'd,
To chase away Solitude's unpleasing Gloom,
And on the cot where Indolent sadness reign'd,
Shed Comfort on Love's stream of softest light;

Are far, far distant, from this sea-beat shore,
Wand'ring thro' scenes of cultivated Taste,
How shall I grieve those hours of bliss are o'er,
Fled with a step too swift to be retrac'd.

Though nought of thanks sufficient can I pay
Their various kindness; I am proud to owe,
That lasting Gratitude, with quenchless ray,
Should ever ardent in my bosom glow.

And long as Reason shall her seat retain,
And life shall bid my flutt'ring heart to beat,
Grateful Affection shall unchang'd maintain,
Within this faithful heart, her firmest seat.

STANZAS,

TO A GREY LINNET WHICH HAD BEEN SHOT IN THE WING, AND SUNG BEFORE IT HAD BEEN CAGED THREE WEEKS, THE AUTHOR HAVING PREVENTED ITS BEING THROWN TO THE CAT BY A SERVANT.

Poor wounded Trembler! could Compassion's sigh
Have heal'd with magick pow'r thy bleeding wing,
I had dismiss'd thee, instant to the sky,
On soaring pinion to salute the Spring.

Thy feathers ruffl'd, all besmear'd with gore,
And panting form, with deep regret I view'd,
And impotent thy pinion to restore,
I only snatch'd thee from a fate more rude.

In the sad hours of sorrow and of pain,
That fugitive could sing my griefs away,
So soon, and with so softly sweet a strain,
Of varying melody, my care repay.

Ah! would Humanity reflecting scan,
The various pangs Mankind is doom'd t'endure,
How often Man, might to his fellow Man,
Alleviate those woes which know no cure.

Then oft when Sorrow, or when Sickness lay,
On him, the pressure of her iron hand,
Would Gratitude, his kindness to repay,
Anxious beside Grief's thorny pillow stand;

[illegible] obey the mandates of his eyes,

And watch, with fervent pray'r, his fleeting

breath;

While Memory's tablet, of past deeds, would rise

[illegible], with smiles of peace, the bed of death,

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY RECEIVING THE LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS, FROM THE COUNTESS ----------

" Memory swells
" With many a proof of recollected love."

While Mem'ry, oft recalling former days,
Looks o'er the records of my parted years,
Grateful Affection kindles while I gaze,
Where on her tablet, oft thy name appears.

Without one claim, but what Compassion gave,
When worn by Sickness, in Life's early day,
My wasted form seem'd sinking to the grave,
Thy kindness cheer'd me, with benignant ray

And while each added year, that o'er me steals,
More plainly serves, the fawning crowd to shew;
With ev'ry hour, my heart more deeply feels,
What debts of gratitude to thee I owe.

Those by the chance of Fortune rais'd on high,
May proudly pass, nor know their former friend,
Ne'er shall their coldness rob me of a sigh,
Or my proud spirit to their splendour bend:

For while my stubborn soul indignant swells,
When oft their mark'd indifference I prove,
The siren Mem'ry, softly whisp'ring, tells
Thy various deeds of unabated love.

'Till dimm'd by Death its lustre, there shall glow,
My heart her Altar, Gratitude's pure flame,
Whose warmth shall bid the Deathless Am'ranth
blow,
And wreathe her simple Chaplet round Thy Name.

TO A GERANIUM.

Like hers, thy form is now erect and tall,
With ev'ry op'ning grace, and beauty crown'd.
Ah lovely plant! bloom not like her, to fall,
But live, and shed sweet odors all around.

Breathe not, ye winds! with gale too fiercely rude,
Lest ye should harm the blossoms of my bow'r,
In pity, rob not my lone solitude,
Of the soft beauties of this much lov'd flow'r!

In fond remembrance of the Maid so dear,
Long have I cherish'd its fair op'ning bloom,
And oft its growth bedew'd by Sorrow's tear,
For her who sleeps within the silent tomb.

And when my form shall yield at, to the doom
Of Death's unerring dart, ah lovely Flow'r!
Still may'st thou flourish near my lonely tomb,
And with thy fragrance scent the Ev'ning hour.

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY RECEIVING FROM MY SISTER AN AMULET DOVE BEARING A CORNELIAN HEART.

Sweet Bird of Love! upon my breast
  Well pleas'd, thy imag'd form I place;
In thee in emblem apt express'd,
  Thy Donor's sentiments I trace:

The sweets, thy mimic plumes dispense,
  Seem to my heart Affection's balm;
These, sooth and gratify the sense,
  And that, has pow'r the soul to charm

Dear Comforter of those who mourn,
When Life's vain dream shall flee away,
May we, on thy bless'd pinions borne,
Together seek the Realms of Day!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Lake, Printer, Uxbridge.

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